

## "SORTS."

A Home Ruler—Your wife.

The wooden shovel's snow use now.

The thermometer is getting used to this mild weather by degrees.

When is a man not a man? When he's a fee-male—*vide* lawyers.

The Middle Sex Club is composed of persons of the neuter gender.

Poet: Do you want any of my blank verse?  
Editor: No, we don't want any of your — verse.

A neat way of calling a man a liar is to denominate him "an unwholesome sweller of the truth."

A wicked paragrapher suggests the appointment of Beecher to succeed Emory as governor of Utah.

Col. Bazaine has gone West and is breeding hogs.—*Ex.* Most of the hogs we wot of have no breeding.

The editor of the *Presbyterian*, Charlottetown, P. E. I., is the latest victim of the "15" tomfoolery snap.

The editor of the *News* does not approve of "15." He says it exhausts too much protoplasm and nervous tissue.

It is a gratifying fact that the inventor of the "15" puzzle was such a fool as not to make any money from its production.

A man should have a fortune who thinks of marrying a ballet-dancer, because it is next to impossible to keep her in clothes.

Philadelphia people needn't imagine that they have the first elephant born in the country. Look at the Canada Pacific R. R.

The compositor was told to set an advertisement for the opera, and as he took the copy he remarked: "If it has no *Fatinitsa* fraud."

Impecunious literary men will be interested in knowing that a colored man who cooks terrapin at the Maryland club, Baltimore, earns over \$2000 a year.

It is said that the fashionable spring bonnet will contain a hole on the top for the wearer who has an itching scalp to stick her finger through and scratch it.

It costs each sovereign about \$500 a time to congratulate the Czar on his escape from death, and the tax-payers are beginning to demand that he let up on his assassination racket.

A graphic reporter, writing up a fire, says: "Mr. A. jumped through the window in his night gown." What queer fashions! The idea of a man carrying a "window in his night gown." Was it a dormer window?

This is a free country. There is no law compelling contributors to write legibly, and there there is no law compelling editors and compositors to waste their time over hieroglyphics. The waste basket is handy and paper stock is up.

A Texas journalist telegraphed to another to meet him with pistols in the usual way, and, having shot his man, wrote the duel up for his victim's paper, assuring the surviving editor that it was the true account of the affair, hoping that it would suit, and asking him to remit.

A man who says he is in destitute circumstances writes and asks us what to do. Keep right on being destitute, of course. Great guns! You wouldn't be so foolish as to thirst for work when there's such a lot of charity lying around loose, would you? Summer not far off, too?

Religious tracts sent to a man with twelve cents postage due on them are not conducive either to religious thought, word or action. We have in our mind a compositor who was just wavering in the balance; the twelve cents decided him and he became a howling heathen.

One of the young ladies who recently visited the city from the country wrote home as follows: "We attracts a great deal of attenshun prom-enadin' the streets like other ladies and holden up our cloze. Nobody isn't nothing now-a-days which don't hold up their cloze, and the higher you hold 'em the more attenshun you attracts."

The roaming correspondent of the Burlington, Iowa, *Hawkeye* tells a pleasing story of a self-sacrificing traveller, who devoted his energies to the work of devouring everything upon a certain railway station dining-counter, and, having at length accomplished the feat, walked away, saying, "There! The next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh!"

Answering the demands of numerous patrons of the dealers in "pure country milk," we beg our dairymen out upon the grassy prairies to put our roofs over the cows. It has been an unusually wet season, and appearances seem to indicate that too much water has been endosmosed, and, as a result, has become seriously mixed with lacteal fluid. Try keeping the cows in out of the rain a few weeks by way of experiment.

The use of whiskey for rattlesnake bites in Texas has increased so enormously during the past year that the overworked snakes have resolved to leave the State unless the board of immigration reinforces them strongly. They work on double time, and yet can't do half the biting that is demanded by the customers. One snake who does business at Port Lavaca is six weeks behind his orders, and three of the clerks are sick.—*New York Times.*

That mother's heart went quickly up—

That mother's hand went down;

For he was placed exactly right

To feel a parent's frown;

And she did smite him hip and thigh,

She did the job up brown.

The thought of that wrecked rocking chair

Nerved up her hand once more,

And such a "laying on of hands"

That boy ne'er had before,

Whilst he yelled, "Mother! I'll be good,

And won't do so no more."